

public notice to all  
duly appointed and  
Administrator on the  
SON,  
Oxford, Esquire, de-  
w directs—he there-  
indebted to the said  
date payment; and  
recon to exhibit the  
YMAN RAWSON.  
\*96

public notice to all  
duly appointed and  
Administrator on the  
D,  
Oxford, Yeoman, de-  
w directs—he there-  
indebted to the said  
date payment; and  
recon to exhibit the  
DANIEL POND.  
\*96

public notice to all  
duly appointed and  
Administrator on the  
WOOD,  
Oxford, Yeoman, de-  
w directs—he there-  
indebted to the said  
date payment; and  
recon to exhibit the  
CARING WILLIS.  
\*96

public notice to all  
duly appointed and  
Administrator on the  
JRS,  
Oxford, Yeoman, de-  
w directs—he there-  
indebted to the said  
date payment; and  
recon to exhibit the  
VIN BUCKNAM.  
\*96

public notice to all  
duly appointed and  
Administrator on the  
D,  
Oxford, deceased,  
—he therefore re-  
ated to the said de-  
ate payment; and  
recon to exhibit the  
H BRADBURY.  
\*96

public notice to all  
duly appointed and  
Administrator on the  
C,  
of Oxford, Gentle-  
the law directs—he  
are indebted to the  
immediate payment  
thereon, to exhibit the  
JEL HEARSEY.  
\*96

public notice to all  
duly appointed and  
Administrator on the  
C,  
Paris, within and  
second day of May,  
hundred and twenty-  
four,

tor on the estate of  
xford, deceased, hav-  
of administration of  
istrator give notice  
ing a copy of this  
successively in the  
that they may ap-  
at the Probate Of-  
the second Tuesday  
in the forenoon, and  
the same should

NDLER, Judge.  
ESTER, Register.  
Paris, within and  
second day of May,  
hundred and twenty-  
four,

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PRATT, late of  
his second account  
d deceased:  
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successively in the  
that they may ap-  
at the Probate Of-  
the second Tuesday  
in the forenoon, and  
the same should

NDLER, Judge.  
ESTER, Register.  
Paris, within and  
second day of May,  
hundred and twenty-  
four,

, in said County,  
ertain Instrument  
and Testament of  
ner, in said Coun-  
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Cary give notice to  
copy of this Order  
essively in the Ox-  
they may appear  
at the Probate Of-  
the second Tuesday  
in the forenoon, and  
the said Instruc-  
ved, and allowed  
all decreased:

NDLER, Judge.  
ESTER, Register.  
Paris, within and  
second day of May,  
hundred and twenty-  
four,

er datum, payab.

# OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH." SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME II.]

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 18, 1826.

[NUMBER 98.

## THE REFLECTOR.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

"FATHER, FORGIVE THEM."

Go, proud infidel—search the ponderous tomes of heathen learning:—Explore the works of Confucius; examine the precepts of Seneca, and the writings of Socrates: Collected all the excellencies of the ancient and the modern moralists, and point to a sentence equal to this simple brazier of our Saviour reviled and insulted—suffering the grossest indignities—crowned with thorns, and led away to die! no annihilating curse breaks from his tortured breast. Sweet and placid as the aspirations of a mother for her nursing, ascends the prayer of mercy on his enemies, "Father, forgive them." O, it was worthy of its origin, and clings with the bright seal of truth that his mission was from Heaven!

Acquaintances, have you quarrelled?—Friends, have you differed? If he, who was pure and perfect, forgave his bitterest enemies, do you well to cherish your anger?

Brothers, to you the precept is imperative; you shall forgive—not seven times, but seventy times seven.

Husbands and wives, you have no right to expect perfection in each other. To err is the lot of humanity. Illness will sometimes render you petulant, and disappointment ruffle the smoothest temper. Guard, I beseech you, with unremitting vigilance, your passions; controlled, they are the genial heat that warms us along the way of life—ungoverned, they are consuming fires. Let your strife be one of respectful attentions, and conciliatory conduct. Cultivate with care the kind and gentle affections of the heart. Plant not, but eradicate the thorns that grow in your partner's path.—Above all, let no feeling of revenge ever find harbour in your breast: Let the sun never go down upon your anger. A kind word—an obliging action—if it be in a trifling concern, has a power superior to the harp of David in calming the billows of the soul.

Revenge is as incompatible with happiness as it is hostile to religion. Let him whose heart is black with malice and studious of revenge, walk through the fields while clad in verdure, and adorned with flowers: to his eye there is no beauty; the flowers to him exhale no fragrance. Dark as his soul, nature is robed in deepest sable. The smile of beauty lights not up his bosom with joy; but the furies of hell rage in his breast, and render him as miserable as he would wish the object of his hate.

But let him lay his hand upon his heart and say—"Revenge, I cast thee from me—Father, forgive me as I forgive my enemies," and nature assumes a new and delightful garbure. Then, indeed, are the meads verdant and the flowers fragrant—then is the music of the groves delightful to the ear, and the smile of virtuous beauty lovely to his soul.

COMPLAINING. Superficial religiousists should be aware of the great difference between complaining of themselves, and real humility. The one is the repentance of the tongue, and the other of the heart. We cannot indeed say, that there is no sincerity where there is some ostentation; but we may confidently affirm, that ostentation is no part of sincerity. Some people are always condemning themselves; always complaining of their wicked hearts; and this is their religion. The answer of Whitefield to such a person, on a certain occasion, was admirable. A man, reputedly very pious, perhaps really so, was once complaining to him of his own heart. His language was: "What a sinner I am—how little do I profit under preaching—at what a distance do I live from God!" Whitefield heard him for a while, and then replied:—"My dear Sir, do you really believe all this? for if you really do, you had much better confess it to God, than display it to me."

*Christian Spectator.*

The following incident in the life of the late Col. John McKinstry is taken from the *Hudson Whig*, and as that paper observes, is too remarkable to be passed slightly over:

At the battle of the Cedars, (thirty miles above Montreal, on the St. Lawrence,) Col. J. McKinstry, then a Captain in Col. Patterson's regiment of continental troops, was twice wounded and taken prisoner by the Indians.

The trepidity of Captain McKinstry as a partisan officer, had rendered him alike the object of their fears and of their unforgiving resentment. The British officers were too much in dread of their savage allies, on account of their vast superiority of numbers, to risk an interposition of their authority to prevent the horrid sacrifice they saw preparing. Hope had fled, and in the agony of despair he had uttered that mystic appeal which the brotherhood of Masons never disregard, when, as if Heaven had interposed for his preservation, the Warrior Brandt understood him and saved him. Brandt had been educated in Europe, and had there been initiated into the mysteries of Freemasonry.—The advantages of education and his native strength of mind, gave him an ascendancy over the uncultured sons of the forest that few other chiefs possessed. Situated as he was, the impending danger of a brother must have forcibly brought to mind his obligation to support him in the time of peril. His utmost endeavors were

accordingly used, and they were happily successful in obtaining for him an immediate respite, and an eventful ransom.

HIRAM.

## THE TRAVELLER.

FROM THE NEW-YORK STATESMAN.

CARTER'S LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

London, 15th August, 1825.

I have not yet done with Westminster Abbey. Around the Choir of the Church, hung with the banners of those who have been knighted during the present reign, amounting to a hundred or more, there is a succession of small, ancient chapels, filled with curious monuments, and royal families lying in state. The principal of these is denominated the Chapel of Henry the VIIth, by whom it was built for himself and family. He ordained, that none but those of Royal blood should be admitted into the sacred cemetery. Even the living are not permitted to visit this and the neighbouring parts of the Abbey, unaccompanied by a guide, who hurries the visitor from one group to another, in such rapid succession as to afford no time for examination, and to produce a chaos of ideas. This rigid prohibition has been adopted, in consequence of the mutilations which have been committed by visitors. Mary, Queen of Scots, who sleeps in white marble beneath a splendid canopy has lost nearly all her fingers, some of the monuments have been treated still worse.

In that to the memory of Major Andre, the relief statues of Washington and Putnam have been beheaded. Many of the kings are in bronze, and sometimes an eye, or the nose, is scraped bright, shamefully disfiguring the countenance. I endeavored to obtain of the keeper a dispensation of the rule in my favour, with assurances that no depredations would be committed; but he was inexorable, and after paying two shillings for walking twice round the circuit, I was compelled to leave the royal groups to their repose, with but a slight knowledge of the monumental honours, which adorn their tombs. This circumstance was the more regretted, since the interdicted apartments contain a bust of Lord Mansfield, seated upon an elevated tribunal, holding a volume of law in one hand, and the steel-yards of justice, in the other; as also a pretty allegorical group, in memory of Charles James Fox. The loss of a nearer inspection of full length likenesses of Nelson, Chatham, Queen Elizabeth, and other distinguished personages, in wax, was not so severely felt; for it appeared to me that such figures were much more suitable for a six-penny museum, than for the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

At the close of our second visit to this place, we went to Westminster Hall, the House of Commons, and the House of Lords, all in the same pile of buildings, on the other side of the street, opposite to the Poets' Corner. The Hall is spacious, with an arched ceiling, said to be the largest in Europe, unsupported by beams. Its effect on the eye is entirely destroyed by the temporary shanties, or offices of unpainted boards, erected at one end, and along the walls. Mr. Simpson can furnish at the Park Theatre a more splendid and suitable room, for the Coronation feast, than Westminster Hall now affords. Our guide pointed out the places where his majesty sat, the champions rode, and other scenes of the regal ceremony. His particularity however afforded us little gratification.

The House of Commons is a small, plain, insignificant room, in which one of our state legislatures would hardly deign to convene. Its floor and side galleries are both appropriated to the members, and will not then accommodate the whole number. In front of the speaker's chair, which resembles a watchman's box, there is a dark, contracted gallery for spectators. The ranges of benches are covered with green, and the table for the clerks blocks up the area in front of the Speaker. Some of the seats of the great men of the day were designated by the guide. When a question is taken, one side or the other, (the opposition being always occupying the left of the Speaker,) is ordered into the Lobby, a dark narrow recess which would not accommodate one half of the members of that body, who usually assemble at Albany. Its entrance is stained with the blood of Percival, who was shot by an assassin several years since.

The House of Lords is but little superior in its dimensions to the House of Commons. It is, however, finished and furnished in better style. The wool-sacks, resembling bales of cotton, covered with red cloth, and tied at the corners with cords of yellow silk, give the room a novel appearance. They form an easy seat; and to render his position less tiresome, the Lord Chancellor has caused a temporary rest for his back to be erected. It must be a curious spectacle to see high dignitaries, in their wigs, mounted upon these bags. In front is the throne secured from any seat but his majesty's by a brass railing. The coronation chair, in Westminster Abbey, is less guarded, and a republi- can may sit down and rest in it if he chooses. A sight of the throne inspired us with as little awe as the sceptre. It is a pretty canopy, some ten or twelve feet high, supported by pillars in front, highly gilt, and hung with crimson tapestry, heavy with ornaments of gold. The good lady requested us to feel the weight of its folds,

and uncovered the chair for our inspection. His majesty has never occupied it but on one occasion. The seat of his unfortunate queen, when she was a criminal at the bar of the house, was pointed out to us, as also the obscure door by which she approached, day after day, during her trial.

The exterior of these buildings is even less striking than the inside. They are surrounded by others of equal height, and although they stand upon the immediate bank of the Thames, no part of them is visible from the water, except a small turret upon the House of Lords; and the Gothic gable end of the House of Commons. An English audience would be surprised at the magnificence of the legislative halls at Washington.

On Sunday, we went to church at White Hall Chapel, where the Duke of York and his royal guards attend. It is in the vicinity of the military and naval offices. A splendid canopy is erected in the gallery for his Grace, who was at Brighton, and we therefore did not see him. It cost us a shilling each for a seat, and more than a shilling's worth of patience to listen to a dull discourse, delivered in monotonous, sing-song tone. Among the flags which adorn the walls of this church, as trophies, it was a little amusing to find two in a conspicuous place, directly in front of the Duke of York's canopy, under the label of "NEW-ORLEANS," printed in capitals. One of them bore the image of the eagle, and the device of the other could not be distinctly seen. They are said to have been taken in a skirmish on the right bank of the Mississippi; but one would suppose the name would not revive very pleasant associations in the breast of his Grace, or of the British nation. There is also an American flag, taken at Fort Niagara; another, at Queenston; and several, at Detroit—all well assorted, and pompously displayed under their respective labels.

Since our arrival, we have been the rounds of the theatres and other public amusements now open, embracing the Italian Opera, English Opera, Haymarket, Astley's Amphitheatre, and Vauxhall Garden. At the first of these, the house, the scenery, dresses, and audience are splendid; but much cannot be said in favour of the performances. We heard the celebrated Velluti sing, in a most *unmanly* voice, and saw scores of Italian girls dance, with gesticulations which can afford no amusement to persons of taste and delicacy. They however received rounds of applause. The five tiers of boxes, elegantly hung with crimson tapestry, were well filled with fashionable people, and the pit was crowded with ladies and gentlemen. No person is allowed to go in boots, or in any other than a white cravat. The whole play was performed in the Italian language, and nine tenths of the audience were probably just as ignorant of the plot and sentiment, if it possessed either, when they left as when they entered. I could not but think how keenly Addison, and Johnson, and Garrick, would have laughed at the prevailing taste of the age, and the degradation of the stage, could they have been present, to listen to the effeminate tones of Italian eunuchs and witness the waltzes of Neapolitan girls.

The English Opera is little more than a version of the Italian, all the absurdities and frivolities of the latter being translated into the former. Nonsense in plain English is, if possible, more ridiculous, than when veiled in a language not understood: "Vox et preterea nihil—full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." We saw Braham and Miss Paton. The musical talents of the former have been overrated, or he was not in voice. Miss Paton is a fine looking woman, but is wanting in animation. She is, however, accounted a star, and her performances go off with eclat.

Haymarket is a small, neat theatre, opposite the Italian Opera House.

The company possess

more talent than any one we have seen

since landing. Liston's comic humour is admirable.

In the character of the landlord, in the new piece of "Quite Correct," which possesses

great merit, save that it is a little too broad,

he keeps the house in a roar. Madame Vestris

is pretty, and has an air of sprightliness. She

is a great favourite; but her reputation per-

haps is not unlike that of Miss Foote.

Our observation thus far has not given us a

very exalted opinion of the English stage. Due

allowance should be made, however, for the

unfavourable season of the year.

Every body is said to be out of town, although there seems to be enough yet left.

Drury Lane and Covent Garden, the two principal theatres, are closed.

Their companies are said to be good, and our

first impressions may hereafter be corrected.

Astley's Amphitheatre is half dramatic—half

circus; or, as the Kentucks say, "half horse,

half alligator."

It is a handsome, convenient

building, near Westminster Bridge.

"The Burning of Moscow"—the show for the night—is a

grand spectacle.

Napoleon is not so much of a

caricature, as it might be supposed.

John Bull would make him.

Parts of his character are

just, and go off with applause.

The feats in horsemanship are nothing extraordinary.

Hunter surpasses them.

A modern Hercules, passing

under the name of "Alcides" gave

exhibitions of his strength, and performed some of the labours of his ancestor.

We were at Vauxhall Garden on his Majes-

ty's birth-night, when a great gala was given.

"The King, our patron's natal day," blazed in capitals, composed of coloured lamps, over one of the principal walks. I forgot how many hundred thousand lights were fancifully displayed among the trees, and how many alcoves and grottoes they disclosed to the admiring gaze of the spectator. Eagles spouted water, and dragons, fire, in a shower of which "a young American," who was said to be old Mr. Blackmore, ascended by dint of a tight rope. All London was out on the occasion. Much more order was observed, than could have been expected in such a promiscuous throng. The grounds of Vauxhall, upon the right bank of the Thames, above Westminster Hall, are beautiful, being laid out with taste, adorned with trees, and forming an agreeable promenade.

I had intended to add to this hasty sketch of London, an account of our visit to the extensive works of Mr. Perkins, where we saw his improved steam-engine in full and successful operation; his model for propelling boats by skulling paddles in the stern; his steam-guns; and his machinery for striking bank notes. But my letter has already been too much extended; and those, with many other topics, must be deferred till our return to the metropolis.

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

### GERMAN POPULAR STORY.

There was once a little maid named Gretel: she wore shoes with red heels, and when she

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

### CALOMEL.

Physicians of the highest rank,  
(To pay their fees we need a bank,)—  
Combine all wisdom, art and skill,  
Science and sense, in *Calomel*.

Howe'er their patients may complain,  
Of head, or heart, or nerve, or vein,  
Or fever high, or parch, or swell,  
The remedy is *Calomel*.

When Mr. A. or B. is sick—  
"Go, fetch the doctor, and be quick!"—  
The doctor comes with much good will,  
But ne'er forgets his *Calomel*.

He takes his patient by the hand,  
And compliment him as a friend;  
He sits awhile his juse to feel,  
And then takes out his *Calomel*.

He then turns to the patient's wife—  
"Have you clean paper, spoon and knife?  
I think your husband might do well  
To take a dose of *Calomel*."

He then deals out the precious grains—  
"This, Ma'am, I'm sure will ease his pains;  
Once in three hours, at sound of bell,  
Give him a dose of *Calomel*."

He leaves his patient in her care,  
And bids 'good-bye' with graceful air;—  
In hopes bad humours to expel,  
She freely gives the *Calomel*.

The man grows worse quite fast indeed—  
"Go, call for counsel—ride with speed!"—  
The counsel comes, like post with mail,  
Doubling the dose of *Calomel*.

The man in death begins to groan—  
The fatal job for him is done;  
His soul is wing'd for heaven or hell—  
A sacrifice to *Calomel*.

Physicians of my former choice,  
Receive my counsel and advice;  
Be not offended though I tell  
The dire effects of *Calomel*.

And when I must resign my breath,  
Pray, let me die a natural death,  
And bid you all a long farewell,  
Without one dose of *Calomel*.

J. B.

### FOR THE OBSERVER.

#### LOST FRIENDSHIP.

I have been wic'ld like a friend  
To joy that's passing by,  
And I've been ridly spurn'd away  
And knew no reason why.

Perhaps they're of a way'ring mind,  
Forgetting I could sigh;  
But sure, if they'd a heart of stone,  
They'd shew some reason why.

At Friendship truly was my aim,  
'Twas Friendship's strongest tie;  
Did I offend? but name in what,  
I'll give a reason why.

Perhaps some falsehood-dealing wretch  
Has palm'd on them a lie;  
But justice says, "have him expos'd,  
And shew a reason why."

"For I've seen innocence abus'd  
By envy's poising eye;  
And I've seen virtue spurn'd away  
And knew the reason why."

CORINNA.

### THE REFLECTOR.

"It is appointed unto all Men once to die."

Thus speaketh the Almighty whose Fiat produced this beautiful world with all its glories. The voice divine is, "Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return." And no earthly power can alter the sentence gone out against our fallen race, or wage a successful war with the Hairy Monster, whose heavy tread shaketh down the sturdy monarchs of the everlasting hills, and withers the prettiest blossoms that grow in nature's velvet bosom. Sometimes he rides furiously on his blood-stained chariot over heaps of slain, rioting amid the spoils of suffering humanity, and like the detested Nero basking in the blaze of the funeral pyres which his own hands had fired. As he passes along on his exterminating work, the flowers of Spring wither, the beauty of summer passes away, and the plenty of autumn vanishes forever. Consternation taketh all on ranks and degrees of men. The tender mother presses nearer to her bosom the dear idol of her affections and love, imprinting another and a warmer kiss upon its pure lips, trembling for its safety and fearful of separation. The arms of the fond wife, like the tender ivy that clings around the venerable oak, grow closer to her mate, and every tie that binds man below, seems to adhere with an unwonted tenacity of feeling and strength. What the anguish and grief of the first mother must have been, when the cold, white death strode over her darling son in gloomy triumph, the Bible says not; probably no language could have done justice to the tide of sorrow that then burst from her smitten heart. His was the first living corpse that mingled with the clods of the valley—the first souls won from the rosy fingers of lovely hope. And O, what a havoc has since been made among her miserable offspring! truly this planet may well be linked to a Golgotha. What a strange country we sojourn in, peopled by innumerable generations, whose images and deeds have long since passed away, but whose ashes remain, some ingloriously huddled together without a single memento remaining to point out their place of rest. How unfeelingly we tread on their dust nor pause to inquire whence we are, and whether we are going.

We have warnings on every hand, and none of us are strangers to sorrow, and if it comes not home to our own hearts, we see its effects continually before our eyes. The sound of death rings in our ears frequently, and around us fall almost daily, the friend, the brother of our heart, the companion, the neighbour, the

very one perhaps with whom we used to take sweet counsel. We live too in sight of the cold memorials of mortality, as they rise up in the crowded church-yard, the silent, though eloquent monitors, whose very looks speak volumes. The weeds of mourning bear their part in reminding us of the darkness of the tomb, and of the much neglected truth, that after we have played our parts in the great Drama of life, it will come to our turn to be shuffled off to make room for others.—*Dover Gazette*.

### THE OLI.

**T**HE MISER'S PRAYER. O Lord, thou knowest I have nine houses and stores in State-street, Cornhill, and Long-wharf; and likewise a small farm in Cambridge, Lord, I beseech thee to save State-street, Cornhill and Long-wharf from fire, and the county of Middlesex from earthquakes: and as I have a mortgage in Essex, I beg of thee to have compassion on that county; and, Lord, for the rest of the streets, wharves and counties, thou mayest deal with them as thou art pleased. O Lord! enable the banks to answer all their bills; lessen the number of bankrupts amongst those who owe me, and make all my debtors good men. Give prosperous voyages to the Industry, Mermisid, and, indeed, all the vessels which I have insured; and, Lord, thou hast said that the days of the wicked are but short. I trust in thee, O Lord, that thou wilt not forget thy promise, having lately purchased several estates in reversion of profligate young men. Lord, preserve peace in Europe, that the American stocks may still keep rising; and, if it be thy will, let there be no sinking funds. Keep my son Caleb out of evil company and gaming houses; and sanctify, O Lord, this night to me, by preserving me from thieves and fire, and make my servants honest and careful, whilst I, thy faithful servant, lie down in peace, O Lord. Amen!

*Boston paper.*

[This beats our —'s prayer.]

A Clergyman, some time since adopted the following text, "Will thou go up with me to battle at Ramoth Gilead?" The peculiar emphasis with which the question was twice repeated, induced a brave soldier to suppose it a reality, and he very cordially answered, "Why, gentlemen, if you are all cowards, I'll go for one."

**A**NECDOSE OF BONAPARTE. One day, Bonaparte seeing near his person one of those beings who know not a posture sufficiently humble by which they suppose they can obtain some favours, said to those who surrounded him, "I know not how it happens, that, in order to understand this man, who is eight inches taller than myself, I am obliged to stoop every time I speak to him."

Two Irishmen agreed to wrestle. It seems by the sequel that one of them expected to proceed Irish fashion, viz.—with one hand at the shoulder and the other at the waistband. But when they were about to take hold, one of the paddies clenched his antagonist at close hug, and down with him. He that was flung got up affronted, and says—"Why did you not *prose* according to rule?" "Rule! my dear hoyne," replied the other, "what signifies going that round-about way to work, when I can throw you fast enough without?"

Judge Brackenridge is reprimanding a criminal among other hard names, called him a scoundrel. The prisoner replied, Sir, "I am not so great a scoundrel as your Honor——takes me to be." "Put your words closer together," replied the Judge.

An Irish Officer of Dragoons on hearing that his mother had been married since he quitted Ireland, exclaimed, "By J——, I hope she won't have a son older than me, for if she does I shall loose the estate."

### NOTICE.

**T**HE subscriber having contracted with the Town of Mexico, for the support of AARON MOOR the present year, a Pauper of said town, hereby forbids all persons harbouring or trusting him on his account.

WALTER P. CARPENTER.

*Mexico, April 15, 1826.*

**WANTED IMMEDIATELY,**  
A **S**Apprentice to the Carding and Clothing Business, a bright and active LAD, from 16 to 18 years of age, to whom good encouragement will be given by WILLIAM WALLOTT.

*Rumford, April 20.*

**COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....Waterford.**

**N**OTICE is hereby given to the Owners and Proprietors of the following lots and parts of lots of LAND in the town of Waterford, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that said lots and parts of lots are taxed to non-resident Proprietors of lands in said Waterford, in the bills committed to me the subscriber, Collector of Taxes for said town of Waterford, for the year 1825—State, County and Town Tax, and deficiencies of Highway Tax for the year 1824, to collect, in the respective sums following, viz:

**Lots.** **Range.** **No. of Lots.** **No. of Acres.** **Deficiencies.** **Total.**

**Proprietors.** **S. C. & Plant. c.** **Tax, 1825.** **PL. Tax, 1825.** **S. C. & Plant. c.** **Tax, 1825.**

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# OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH." SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME II.]

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 18, 1826.

[NUMBER 98.

## THE REFLECTOR.

### THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

"FATHER, FORGIVE THEM."

Go, proud infidel—search the ponderous tomes of heathen learning:—Explore the works of Confucius; examine the precepts of Seneca, and the writings of Socrates: Collected all the excellencies of the ancient and the modern moralists, and point to a sentence equal to this simple brayer of our Saviour reviled and insulted—suffering the grossest indignities—crowned with thorns, and led away to die! no annihilating curse breaks from his tortured breast. Sweet and placid as the aspirations of a mother for her nursing, ascends the prayer of mercy on his enemies, "Father, forgive them." O, it was worthy of its origin, and stamps with the bright seal of truth that his mission was from Heaven!

Acquaintances, have you quarrelled?—Friends, have you differed? If he, who was pure and perfect, forgave his bitterest enemies, do you well to cherish your anger?

Brothers, to you the precept is imperative; you shall forgive—not seven times, but seventy times seven.

Husbands and wives, you have no right to expect perfection in each other. To err is the lot of humanity. Illness will sometimes render you petulant, and disappointment ruffle the smoothest temper. Guard, I beseech you, with unremitting vigilance, your passions; controlled, they are the genial heat that warms us along the way of life—uncontrolled, they are consuming fires. Let your strife be one of respectful attentions, and conciliatory conduct. Cultivate with care the kind and gentle affections of the heart. Plant not, but eradicate the thorns that grow in your partner's path.—Above all, let no feeling of revenge ever find harbour in your breast: Let the sun never go down upon your anger. A kind word—an obliging action—if it be in a trifling concern, has a power superior to the harp of David in calming the billows of the soul.

Revenge is as incompatible with happiness as it is hostile to religion. Let him whose heart is black with malice and studious of revenge, walk through the fields while clad in verdure, and adorned with flowers: to his eye there is no beauty; the flowers to him exhale no fragrance. Dark as his soul, nature is robed in deepest sable. The smile of beauty lights not up his bosom with joy; but the furies of hell rage in his breast, and render him as miserable as he would wish the object of his hate.

But let him lay his hand upon his heart and say—"Revenge, I cast thee from me—Father, forgive me as I forgive my enemies," and nature assumes a new and delightful gariture. Then, indeed, are the meads verdant and the flowers fragrant—then is the music of the groves delightful to the ear, and the smile of virtuous beauty lovely to his soul.

COMPLAINING. Superficial religionists should be aware of the great difference between complaining of themselves, and real humility. The one is the repentance of the tongue, and the other of the heart. We cannot indeed say, that there is no sincerity where there is some ostentation; but we may confidently affirm, that ostentation is no part of sincerity. Some people are always condemning themselves; always complaining of their wicked hearts; and this is their religion. The answer of Whitefield to such a person, on a certain occasion, was admirable. A man, reputedly very pious, perhaps really so, was once complaining to him of his own heart. His language was: "What a sinner I am—how little do I profit under preaching—at what a distance do I live from God!" Whitefield heard him for a while, and then replied:—"My dear Sir, do you really believe all this? for if you really do, you had much better confess it to God, than display it to me."

Christian Spectator.

The following incident in the life of the late Col. John McKinstry is taken from the *Hudson Whig*, and, as that paper observes, is too remarkable to be passed slightly over:

At the battle of the Cedars, (thirty miles above Montreal, on the St. Lawrence,) Col. J. McKinstry, then a Captain in Col. Patterson's regiment of continental troops, was twice wounded and taken prisoner by the Indians. The intrepidity of Captain McKinstry as a partisan officer, had rendered him alike the object of their fears and of their unforgiving resentment. The British officers were too much in dread of their savage allies, on account of their vast superiority of numbers, to risk an interposition of their authority to prevent the horrid sacrifice they saw preparing. Hope had fled, and in the agony of despair he had uttered that mystic appeal which the brotherhood of Masons never disregard, when, as if Heaven had interposed for his preservation, the Warrior Brandt understood him and saved him. Brandt had been educated in Europe, and had there been initiated into the mysteries of Freemasonry.—The advantages of education and his native strength of mind, gave him an ascendancy over the uncultured sons of the forest that few other chiefs possessed. Situated as he was, the impending danger of a brother must have forcibly brought to mind his obligation to support him in the time of peril. His utmost endeavors were

accordingly used, and they were happily successful in obtaining for him an immediate respite, and an eventful ransom.

HIRAM.

## THE TRAVELLER.

FROM THE NEW-YORK STATESMAN.

### CARTER'S LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

London, 15th August, 1825.

I have not yet done with Westminster Abbey. Around the Choir of the Church, hung with the banners of those who have been knighted during the present reign, amounting to a hundred or more; there is a succession of small, ancient chapels, filled with curious monuments, and royal families lying in state. The principal of these is denominated the Chapel of Henry the VIIIth, by whom it was built for himself and family. He ordained, that none but those of Royal blood should be admitted into the sacred cemetery. Even the living are not permitted to visit this and the neighbouring parts of the Abbey, unaccompanied by a guide, who hurries the visitor from one group to another, in such rapid succession as to afford no time for examination, and to produce a chaos of ideas.

This rigid prohibition has been adopted, in consequence of the mutilations which have been committed by visitors. Mary, Queen of Scots, who sleeps in white marble beneath a splendid canopy has lost nearly all her fingers, some of the monuments have been treated still worse. In that to the memory of Major Andre, the relief statues of Washington and Putnam have been beheaded. Many of the kings are in bronze, and sometimes an eye, or the nose, is scraped bright, shamefully disfiguring the countenance. I endeavored to obtain of the keeper a dispensation of the rule in my favour, with assurances that no depredations would be committed; but he was inexorable, and after paying two shillings for walking twice round the circuit, I was compelled to leave the royal groups to their repose, with but a slight knowledge of the monumental honours, which adorn their tombs. This circumstance was the more regretted, since the interdicted apartments contain a bust of Lord Mansfield, seated upon an elevated tribunal, holding a volume of law in one hand, and the steel-yards of justice, in the other; as also a pretty allegorical group, in memory of Charles James Fox. The loss of a nearer inspection of full length likenesses of Nelson, Chatham, Queen Elizabeth, and other distinguished personages, in wax, was not so severely felt; for it appeared to me that such figures were much more suitable for a six-penny museum, than for the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

At the close of our second visit to this place, we went to Westminster Hall, the House of Commons, and the House of Lords, all in the same pile of buildings, on the other side of the street, opposite to the Poets' Corner. The Hall is spacious, with an arched ceiling, said to be the largest in Europe, unsupported by beams. Its effect on the eye is entirely destroyed by the temporary shanties, or offices of unpainted boards, erected at one end, and along the walls. Mr. Simpson can furnish at the Park Theatre a more splendid and suitable room, for the Coronation feast, than Westminster Hall now affords. Our guide pointed out the places where, his majesty sat, the champions rode, and other scenes of the regal ceremony. His particularity however afforded us little gratification.

The House of Commons is a small, plain, insignificant room, in which one of our state legislatures would hardly deign to convene. Its floor and side galleries are both appropriated to the members, and will not then accommodate the whole number. In front of the speaker's chair, which resembles a watchman's box, there is a dark, contracted gallery for spectators. The ranges of benches are covered with green, and the table for the clerks blocks up the area in front of the Speaker. Some of the seats of the great men of the day were designated by the guide. When a question is taken, one side or the other, (the opposition always occupying the left of the Speaker,) is ordered into the *Lobby*, a dark narrow recess which would not accommodate one half of the members of that body, who usually assemble at Albany. Its entrance is stained with the blood of Percival, who was shot by an assassin several years since.

The House of Lords is but little superior in its dimensions to the House of Commons. It is, however, finished and furnished in better style. The wool-sacks, resembling bales of cotton, covered with red cloth, and tied at the corners with cords of yellow silk, give the room a novel appearance. They form an easy seat; and to render his position less tiresome, the Lord Chancellor has caused a temporary rest for his back to be erected. It must be a curious spectacle to see high dignitaries, in their wigs, mounted upon these bags. In front is the throne secured from any seat but his majesty's by a brass railing. The coronation chair, in Westminster Abbey, is less guarded, and a republican can sit down and rest in it if he chooses. A sight of the throne inspired us with as little awe as the sceptre. It is a pretty canopy, some ten or twelve feet high, supported by pillars in front, highly gilt, and hung with crimson tapestry, heavy with ornaments of gold. The good lady requested us to feel the weight of its folds,

and uncovered the chair for our inspection. His majesty has never occupied it but on one occasion. The seat of his unfortunate queen, when she was a criminal at the bar of the house, was pointed out to us, as also the obscure door by which she approached, day after day, during her trial.

The exterior of these buildings is even less striking than the inside. They are surrounded by others of equal height, and although they stand upon the immediate bank of the Thames, no part of them is visible from the water, except a small turret upon the House of Lords, and the Gothic gable end of the House of Commons. An English audience would be surprised at the magnificence of the legislative halls at Washington.

On Sunday, we went to church at White Hall Chapel, where the Duke of York and his royal guards attend. It is in the vicinity of the military and naval offices. A splendid canopy is erected in the gallery for his Grace, who was at Brighton, and we therefore did not see him. It cost us a shilling each for a seat, and more than a shilling's worth of patience to listen to a dull discourse, delivered in a monotonous, sing-song tone. Among the flags which adorn the walls of this church, as trophies, it was a little amusing to find two in a conspicuous place, directly in front of the Duke of York's canopy, under the label of "NEW-ORLEANS," printed in capitals. One of them bore the image of the eagle, and the device of the other could not be distinctly seen. They are said to have been taken in a skirmish on the right bank of the Mississippi; but one would suppose the name would not revive very pleasant associations in the breast of his Grace, or of the British nation. There is also an American flag, taken at Fort Niagara; another, at Queenston; and several, at Detroit—all well assorted, and pompously displayed under their respective labels.

Since our arrival, we have been the rounds of the theatres and other public amusements now open, embracing the Italian Opera, English Opera, Haymarket, Astley's Amphitheatre, and Vauxhall Garden. At the first of these, the house, the scenery, dresses, and audience are splendid; but much cannot be said in favour of the performances. We heard the celebrated Velluti sing, in a most *unmanly* voice, and saw scores of Italian girls dance, with gesticulations which can afford no amusement to persons of taste and delicacy. They however received rounds of applause. The five tiers of boxes, elegantly hung with crimson tapestry, were well filled with fashionable people, and the pit was crowded with ladies and gentlemen. No person is allowed to go in boots, or in any other than a white cravat. The whole play was performed in the Italian language, and nine tenths of the audience were probably just as ignorant of the plot and sentiment, if it possessed either, when they left as when they entered. I could not but think how keenly Addison, and Johnson, and Garrick, would have laughed the prevailing taste of the age, and the degradation of the stage, could they have been present, to listen to the effeminate tones of Italian eunuchs and witness the waltzes of Neopolitan girls.

The English Opera is little more than a version of the Italian, all the absurdities and frivolities of the latter being translated into the former. Nonsense in plain English is, if possible, more ridiculous, than when veiled in a language not understood: "Vox et præterea nihil—full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." We saw Braham and Miss Paton. The musical talents of the former have been overrated, or he was not in voice. Miss Paton is a fine looking woman, but is wanting in animation. She is, however, accounted "a star," and her performances go off with eclat.

Haymarket is a small, neat theatre, opposite the Italian Opera House. The company possess more talent than any one we have seen since landing. Liston's comic humour is admirable. In the character of the landlord, in the new piece of "Quite Correct," which possesses great merit, save that it is a little too broad, he keeps the house in a roar. Madame Vestris is pretty, and has an air of sprightliness. She is a great favourite; but her reputation perhaps is not unlike that of Miss Foote.

Our observation thus far has not given us a very exalted opinion of the English stage. Due allowance should be made, however, for the unfavourable season of the year. Every body is said to be out of town, although there seems to be enough yet left. Drury Lane and Covent Garden, the two principal theatres, are closed. Their companies are said to be good, and our first impressions may hereafter be corrected.

Astley's Amphitheatre is half dramatic—half circus; or, as the Kentucks say, "half horse, half alligator." It is a handsome, convenient building, near Westminster Bridge. "The Burning of Moscow"—the show for the night—is a grand spectacle. Napoleon is not so much of a caricature, as it might be supposed. John Bull would make him. Parts of his character are just, and go off with applause. The feats in horsemanship are nothing extraordinary. Hunter surpasses them. A modern Hercules, passing under the name of "Alcides" gave exhibitions of his strength, and performed some of the labours of his ancestor.

We were at Vauxhall Garden on his Majesty's birth-night, when a great gala was given.

"The King, our patron's natal day," blazed in capitals, composed of coloured lamps, over one of the principal walks. I forgot how many hundred thousand lights were fancifully displayed among the trees, and how many alcoves and grots they disclosed to the admiring gaze of the spectator. Eagles spouted water, and dragons, fire, in a shower of which "a young American," who was said to be old Mr. Blackmore, ascended by dint of a tight rope. All London was out on the occasion. Much more order was observed, than could have been expected in such a promiscuous throng. The grounds of Vauxhall, upon the right bank of the Thames, above Westminster Hall, are beautiful, being laid out with taste, adorned with trees, and forming an agreeable promenade.

I had intended to add to this hasty sketch of London, an account of our visit to the extensive works of Mr. Perkins, where we saw his improved steam-engine in full and successful operation; his model for propelling boats by skulling paddles in the stern; his steam-guns; and his machinery for striking bank notes. But my letter has already been too much extended; and those, with many other topics, must be deferred till our return to the metropolis from the north.

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

### GERMAN POPULAR STORY.

There was once a little maid named Grettel: she wore shoes with red heels, and when she went abroad she turned out her toes; and was very merry, and thought to herself, "What a pretty girl I am!" And when she came home, to put herself in good spirits, she would tipple down a drop or two of wine; and as wine gives a relish for eating, she would take a taste of every thing when she was cooking, saying, "A cook ought to know whether a thing tastes well."

It happened one day that her master said, "Grettel, this evening I have a friend coming to sup with me; get two fine fowls ready." "Very well, sir," said Grettel. Then she killed the fowls, plucked, and trussed them, put them on the spit, and when evening came, put them to the fire to roast. The fowl turned round and round, and soon began to look nice and brown; but the guest did not come. Then Grettel cried out, "Master, if the guest does not come, I must take up the fowls; but it will be a shame and a pity if they are not eaten while they are hot and good." "Well," said her master, "I'll run and tell him to come." As soon as he had turned his back, Grettel stopped the spit, and laid it with the fowls upon it on one side, and thought to herself, "Standing by the fire makes one very tired and thirsty; who knows how long they will be? Meanwhile, I will just step into the cellar and take a drop." So off she ran, put down her pitcher, and said, "Your health, Grettel," and took a good draught. "This wine is good friend," said she to herself; "it breaks one's heart to leave it." Then up she trotted, put the fowls down to the fire, spread some butter over them, and turned the spit merrily round again.

The fowl soon smelt so good, that she thought to herself, "they are very good, but they may want something still; I had better taste them, and see." So she licked her fingers, and said, "O! how good! what a shame and a pity that they are not eaten!" Away she ran to the window, to see if her master and his friend were coming; but nobody was in sight: so she turned to the fowls again, and it would be better for her to eat a wing than that it should be burnt. So she cut one wing off, and ate it, and it tasted very well; and as the other was quite done enough, she thought it had better be cut off too, or else her master would see that one was wanting. When the two wings were gone, she went again to look out for her master, but could not see him. "Ah!" thought she to herself, "who knows whether they will come at all? very likely they have turned into some tavern: O Grettel! Grettel! make yourself happy, take another draught, and eat the rest of the fowl; it looks so oddly as it is; when you have eaten all, you will be easy; why should such good things be wasted?" So she ran once more to the cellar, took another drink, and ate up the rest of the fowl with the greatest glee.

Still her master did not come, and she cast a lingering eye upon the other fowl, and said, "Where the other went, this had better go too; they belong to each other; they who have a right to one must have a right to the other; but if I were to take another draught first, it would not hurt me." So she tipped down another drop of wine, and sent the second fowl to look after the first. While she was making an end of this famous meal, her master came home, and called out, "now quick, Grettel, my friend is just at hand!" "Yes, master, I will dish up this minute," said she. In the mean time he looked to see if the cloth was laid, and took up the carving-knife to sharpen it. Whilst this was going on, the guest came and knocked softly at the house door; then Grettel ran to see who was there, and when she saw him, she put her finger upon her lips, and said, "Hush! hush! run away as fast as you can; for if my master catches you, it will be worse for you; he owes you a grudge, and asked you to supper only that he might cut off your ears; only listen how he is sharpening his knife." The guest listened, and when he heard the knife, he made as

## THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1826.

The May Term of the Superior Court for this County convened on Tuesday last. Present—Chief Justice MELLON and Justice WESTCOTT. We shall endeavor to give some account of the business done at this Term in our next.

**THE SEASON.** The weather has been for a few days, and still continues remarkably warm. The thermometer on Monday stood at 86°—Tuesday and Wednesday, still higher.—The season is now quite forward. Peas are in full bloom—Corn is up—and vegetation generally looks prosperous. Rain, however, is much wanted.

**Congress.** A Bill has been introduced into the Senate to diminish the executive patronage. It provides that from and after the first day of December next, the Newspapers selected to publish the Laws of the United States shall not be less than three, and may be equal to half the number of Representatives in each State: The selection to be made by the Senators and Representatives of the several States. It also provides that the President shall once in four years lay before Congress a statement of the accounts of all the public officers who hold their office under him or by his appointment: That no man shall receive the appointment of Postmaster where the income of the office is to certain amount, unless he is nominated by the President by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. The fourth Bill provides that the Cadets and the Midshipmen shall be taken equally from each Congressional District. The sixth Bill provides that the Officers of the Army and Navy shall hold their offices during good behaviour, and not, as they now do, during the pleasure of the President: That they shall be liable to a removal by Court Martial, or by an address of both Houses of Congress to the President.

**COBBISSER CANAL CORPORATION.** At the meeting of this Corporation, held at Wayne on the 3d instant, the following gentlemen were elected Officers:

ROBERT H. GARDNER, Esq., President.  
GEORGE EVANS, Esq., Secretary.  
HON. SANFORD KINGSBURY, Treasurer.  
HON. JOHN CHANDLER, SAMUEL JEWETT, Esq.  
COL. BILLY BENJAMIN, JAMES COCHRAN, Esq.  
EDWARD PINE, Esq., JOSHUA BOWLES, Esq., Capt.  
WILLIAM CHENERY, Jun., Directors.

We understand that the Stock will soon be offered for sale.

**A NEW THING.** A Grand Jury in the State of Georgia has presented the President of the United States as an Officer of Government who has not done his duty faithfully!

**CONJUGAL AFFECTION.** A man in Virginia recently hung himself with his handkerchief. His wife had so much regard for him that she would not suffer her negro woman to cut him down, although by doing it his life would have been saved.

**TOWN OFFICERS OF RUMSFORD—1826.**

Town Clerk: Peter C. Virgin.  
Selectmen and Assessors: Alvan Bolster, Curtis P. Howe, and Rufus Virgin.  
Treasurer, and Sealer of Weights & Measures: Aaron Virgin.  
Superintending School Committee: Peter C. Virgin, Joseph Adams, and Simeon Fuller.  
Auctioneers: Henry C. Rolfe and Colman Godwin.  
Town Agent: Peter C. Virgin.

The following is extracted from the Speech of the Hon. Mr. SPRAGUE, delivered in the House of Representatives, April 9, 1826, on the Massachusetts Claim:

MR. CHAIRMAN: I am in favour of the bill; and I am induced to offer my reasons for being so, because I cannot entirely coincide in opinion with either of the gentlemen from Massachusetts, (Mr. DAVIS and Mr. DWTERT,) who have addressed you; and because the gentleman from Tennessee (Mr. HOUSTON) has been pleased to say, that no one who was in the minority of Massachusetts, during the late war, can support the bill, or receive money under it without a violation of consistency—without, indeed, an abandonment of principle. Sir, the State which I have the honour in part to represent, and all her representatives upon this floor, were in that minority. She will receive a portion of the money provided for by the bill, and I am unwilling, by silence, to admit, that imputations can rest upon that character, for political consistency, which we have so hardly earned, and so long maintained.

It is first asked, why should the claim of Massachusetts be allowed? I answer, because it is just in itself, and because similar claims have been allowed to other States.

It is just in itself.—The several States have conceded to the General Government the power of peace and war, and the revenues by which war is to be prosecuted and aggression repelled; and it is the duty of the General Government to protect each State against invasion. This duty is not left to inference, but is imposed in express terms, in the fourth section of the fourth article of the constitution. This high obligation, thus assumed by the fundamental compact, is brought into most vigorous exercise when the United States declare war; for then an enemy is created without the consent of the State; the time and circumstances of the declaration are selected by the General Government; and most assuredly it ought to defend the citizens from the attacks which it has thus deliberately challenged. If it do not, but leaves a State to exhaust its own resources in repelling the enemy, the United States are bound to repay the sums which shall have been thus expended.

This proposition is so clear that it hardly admits of argument or illustration. It rests upon those eternal principles of justice and good faith by which every judicial tribunal proceeds in enforcing engagements between man and man. Principles which are fundamental in the jurisprudence of every enlightened country; which the United States have recognized and enforced; and in the obedience to which, Congress have acted in granting claims, ever since the organization of the Government.

much haste as he could down the steps, and ran off. Grettel was not idle in the mean time, but ran screaming, "Master! master! what a fine guest you have asked to supper?" "Why, Grettel, what's the matter?" "Oh!" says she, "he has taken both the fowls that I was going to bring up, and has run away with them." "That is a rascally trick to play," said the master, sorry to loose the fine chickens: "at least he might have lost me one, that I might have had something to eat; call out to him to stay." But the guest would not hear; so he ran after him with his knife in his hand, crying out, "One, one, only one; I want only one;" meaning that the guest should leave him one of the fowls, and not take both; but he thought that his host meant nothing less than that he would cut off at least one of his ears: so he ran away to save them both, as if he had hot coals under his feet.

### JOHN RANDOLPH—Again!

The following rhapsodic rodomontade, too ingenious even for the lips of John Randolph, is said to have been the genuine delivery of that gentleman, a fortnight since in the Senate. Were the accuracy of this report not fortified by satisfactory evidence, we should suppose it indebted for its range and depth of coloring to the malicious wit of the reporter.

Newburyport Herald.

"The Royal George! yes! I've a story to tell you about the Royal George. You remember the Royal George, sir?—But, no!—It was before your time, sir!—*(Tims, give me some porter.)*—1807—Giles says, *December*, but there he is mistaken—I say, *January*—yes, *January*—I remember it as well as if it was yesterday—I did not baptise it, sir,—no! though I was reputed Godfather, sir—as Giles was the real Godfather to J. Q. Adams. The Royal George, sir, was a huge, unwieldy stage, in which Crawford used to send the members that boarded at his house to the Capitol. We used to meet Adams, sir, trudging through the mud, with his umbrella over his head—he would not ride with us, sir,—no—he would not ride—but Giles at last coaxed him into his carriage, sir—Aye, there it was, sir, that the "billing and cooing" began—Why, sir, it could not be otherwise. *(Tims, some porter.)* Throw any two intriguers, sir, into such a situation, and they must become as intimate, aye, as confidential, as man and wife—no matter how great a scoundrel the one, sir,—but here were two scoundrels together, sir—the intriguer and the intriguer—both alike, sir.—I have always said that Giles had no principle, sir—I said it twenty years ago—and I say it now, sir. Adam and Eve would have come together—if either or both had been as ugly as sin, sir,—in Paradise—or in Purgatory. Yes! sir—take my word for it—old Shakespeare knew what he was about, sir!—If Ferdinand had not arrived as he did upon Prospero's Island, Miranda and Caliban must have been man and wife, sir,—tis human nature, sir, if I know anything about it. You know, Mr. President—I say, sir, *you know*—*(Tims, some porter)*—I told you to your face, sir, yes! as we rode together to Gaillard's funeral—that you and I never could be friends, sir—that we did not think alike upon any subject, sir—and yet the gentleman, I beg your pardon, sir, the Senator from—some State in the East—said I was your political—the note-taker says, he added *confidential*—I believe the note-taker, sir!—yes! he said your political, and confidential friend! I suffer no fool to make friendships for me, sir,—fool Swinny—or any other fool, sir!—looking and pointing to Mr. Holmes, of Maine!—Fool, did I say, sir?—More knave than fool, too, sir.—He knew it, sir, knew that I was no friend of yours, sir, but he had a motive for it, sir—a purpose to answer, sir!—yes, more knave than fool,—Poor Crawford!—I pity him—where are all his friends, sir?—brought up, sir.

"But let us to the letter again—this paper is worth money, sir. [reading] Giles said that Mr. Adams was at first reluctant to call on Mr. Jefferson.—coy, aye, a little coy, sir, reluctant to call on Mr. Jefferson! My life for it, sir, he did not go in the open day: no, no, sir: I mean no irreverence when I say it, sir—but my life for it, he went, like Nicodemus, *in the dark*, sir—villainy always seeks the dark, sir: [reading] \* and when Giles said this, he added, *all this I saw.* He saw it, did he? Yes, the see-er and the see-ee, if I may be allowed to make a word—were both alike, sir, a precious pack of scoundrels, sir!—But, how did he see? Was he behind a screen? Did he peep through a key-hole? Was he hid in a closet?—*(Tims, some more porter.)*—[reading again] When I spoke to you of Mr. Adams twenty years ago, and expressed my belief that he was an honest man, and would faithfully support the administration? Aye, sir, he was a lad, then—the writer of this letter was a boy, sir, just returned from an eastern college—twisted, sir, as all our southern young men must be, who are sent to the east to be educated. Sir, I would not let a son of mine go to any college north of the Potowmack, sir!—I had rather he should not know how to read and write, sir. Reading and writing, you know, sir, as Dogberry says, comes by nature—but good sense—by education. No, sir, I would have no young man educated at an eastern college—it corrupts them, sir!—(where's that porter?)—[reading]—you replied,—"that's me, sir—I replied—I had forgotten the words, sir!—they had escaped my memory—no—they were in my memory, sir, but not in my recollection—[reading] You replied, you are mistaken in him, sir!—Why, sir, this very word 'Sir,' sir, is worth a thousand dollars. [reading] You are mistaken in him, sir!—he is a hypocrite, and will betray his country, if he can have a chance. I knew him, sir—never was deceived in my life—Do I say I never was deceived? Yes—why do I say I never was deceived? Because I never act upon suspicion, sir!—I always look for the proofs, sir.—Why, I had a negro, sir, whom I suspected for three years. I never hinted my suspicion,

the current, the prophet enjoined a 40 day's fast. The people becoming sick, and in great distress from hunger, this severe commander found it necessary to remit, in some degree, the rigor of his injunction, and he permitted the taking of flour broth through a quill, because he received his food in this way after his long sickness and fast when he could not open his jaws—and which had the vivifying effect, taken by him for supernatural power or inspiration. But as the gruel allowed was very meagre, being simply flour and cold water, debility, misery and death attended the experiment. Yet with faith and hope they persisted.

In this wretched situation, they arrived at Pilgrim's Island; which derives its name from this fact; at which place they were fallen in with by a barge belonging to Nashville, whose crew, detesting the conduct of the prophet and his seconds, who watched and governed the timorous multitude, gave two or three of the leaders a sound drubbing with the pliant cotton wood switch.

They next landed at the Little Prairie. The prophet's staff, which by the directions of its fall had hitherto pointed out the way, now stood still; and he declared that here he was commanded to settle and build a church; but Mr. Walker who owned the soil, and resided in this solitary spot, forbade the undertaking. This was accounted persecution; yet they continued seven days, during which several died; among whom were children, which were placed on the beach by their parents, at the command of Elijah, when exposed to the scorching sun, they wallowed in holes in the sand while they struggled away the agonies of death. While here labouring under sickness and persecution, it seems they began to suspect that they were forsaken by the divine spirit, and that no more miracles could be wrought for them. Hence they commenced the cry of "Oh my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" when, by assisting each other, the vociferating cry was not intermitted for three days and nights.

They stopped further down at a desert place, when six or eight more died, whose bones still lie on the shore uncovered; and all who remained when they arrived at Helana, were objects of horror and compassion. The hospitable inhabitants furnished them a plentiful supply of milk and more nourishing gruel, for taking which every one was provided with a piece of bread cane.

The boat next struck upon a sand bar near the mouth of the Arkansas. The prophet, his brother, and other leaders being dead, the remnant dispersed into the settlements, and down the river in the passing boats.

From the time the party entered the Mississippi, their number decreased daily by death or desertion, and when they made their final landing only about 15 remained. One disciple eloped at the Little Prairie, with all the cash belonging to the company. One child was rescued here and raised. Several individuals who were dispersed in various directions, are now comfortably settled, but it is supposed that more than half their number died on the pilgrimage.

This state of folly and delusion is, perhaps, worthy of notice, as furnishing a striking instance of the blindness of credulity—the wilderness of fanaticism, and the miserable propensity of the mind, to believe itself possessed of powers which do not belong to humanity.

From the Baltimore American.

**STEAM BOAT ACCIDENT.** It is with no little regret that we feel ourselves constrained to announce the accident which has befallen the steam boat Susquehanna and Baltimore, while on her way to the head waters of the river. It appears that the boat had proceeded in safety to Northumberland, and was pursuing her course up the N. Branch of the Susquehanna. Upon arriving at Berwick Falls, a short distance below the town of the same name, the passengers (including Messrs. Thomas Ellicot, John B. Morris, and Joseph W. Patterson, of this city, forming the board of River Commissioners) landed, with the intention of walking up to the town. The channel of the river being found difficult, Capt. Cornwell deemed it advisable to drop down, in order to ascend the Falls by another route. In the act of descending, the boat struck on a rock, which caused one of the heads of the boiler to start. Six of the hands were injured by the boiling water, and one or two of them badly.

From the Philadelphia Democratic Press.

**TERrible EXPLOSION.** It gives us much concern to have to record the following melancholy and disastrous accident. A gentleman who boarded the steam boat Susquehanna, a few minutes after the horrible explosion, gives us the following particulars: The Engineer assured the owners that there was as much steam as the boiler would bear, but they insisted on more being raised. This was done, and the explosion was instantaneous. The unfortunate, and too obedient Engineer, was literally and completely skinned. He is not expected to survive. He has a wife and seven children. While they were carrying him up into the town of Berwick, nearly opposite to which, in attempting to ascend the Nescopeck falls, in the river Susquehanna, where the explosion took place, he said he had done his duty, and hoped the public would do theirs to his family.

Mr. Robst, of Cattavissa, a sensible and a worthy man, a member of the General Assembly, is so dreadfully scalded, that he is not expected to live. One other person, whose name we have not learned, is supposed to be too shockingly scalded to recover.

Nine other persons were severely scalded and three missing who are supposed to have been killed. This frightful accident took place on the 3d instant, between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon, immediately after the explosion, the boat took fire, but was soon extinguished.

The gentlemen of the conduct after all his labours, there was an enemy; and Brewster, the author of the contribution, would have been n. onct. Yes, sir, thirty or forty three British soldiers, poured in their numbers once, he would not those 740, would have been b. t. man spoke. Had he known he would have had earth, a set of victories upon suffered in the man who can.

I am not an sets during the U. States never did be indiscriminate. The gentle invariably threw every p. U. States hundred sets; Na commerce of your Treasury agara frontier spread not a and scarcely will say, what Union whose and success did the sons \*

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The gentleman from Tennessee has spoken at large of the conduct of Massachusetts during the war, but, after all his laborious researches, he has found but one instance in which, even by his own construction, there was any want of promptitude in repelling the enemy; and that was the case of the little town of Brewster. He spoke, somewhat sneeringly, of the contribution levied upon that place; and told us, rather significantly, that if he had been there, he would have met the enemy at the point of the bayonet. Yes, sir, if he had lived in a little village of thirty or forty houses, upon a sandy cape, where three British 74's could, within point blank shot, have poured in their whole batteries, and demolished it at once, he would have stood upon the naked beach and met those 74's, at the point of the bayonet! It would have been a most glorious action! The gentleman spoke of that which he did not understand. Had he known the hardy Cape Cod men as well as I do, he would have known, that there is not, upon this earth, a set of men that meet an enemy more fearlessly than they do. Such were the men who achieved your victories upon the Lakes, and upon the Ocean, and suffered in the prisons of Dartmoor; and I envy not the man who can speak of their misfortunes with a sneer.

I am not an apologist for the conduct of Massachusetts during the war. There was much of it which I never did, and never can approve. But I would not be indiscriminate in our censure.

The gentleman has asserted, that Massachusetts invariably thwarted the General Government, and threw every possible obstacle in its way, and that the U.S. States derived no aid whatever from Massachusetts! No aid from Massachusetts? Who swept the commerce of the enemy, and paid the customs into your Treasury? Who composed your army on the Niagara frontier? Who manned your ships? Sir, you spread not a sail without the aid of Massachusetts; and scarcely a battle was fought upon the waters, in which her blood did not mingle with the waves. I will say, what I believe, that there is no State in the Union whose citizens contributed more to the glory and success of our arms, during the late war, than did the sons of Massachusetts.

The principles of this bill are most safe for the national treasury. For, however great may have been the expenditures of Massachusetts, no more can be paid to her than it must have cost the United States to have provided for her defence. On the other hand, if her measures were more economical than those of the United States, you derive the whole benefit of that economy; and in point of fact, if the forty-one companies, called by General Dearborn, had been in service during the two years that the law of 1812 continued in force, it would have cost the United States hundreds of thousands of dollars, and probably more than the whole existing claim. The citizens of Massachusetts and Maine may have suffered by that refusal, their defence not being adequately provided for, but it will be an immense benefit to the national treasury, even when the demand of Massachusetts, with interest, shall be allowed.

I am constrained, sir, to acknowledge that I came to this inquiry with prepossessions against the claim; but careful investigation has convinced me of its justice; and I cannot doubt, that every gentleman who will give to the subject a thorough examination, will come to the same result. This conviction is strengthened, by the fact, that every committee to whom it has been referred, and there have been not less than three, have reported in favour of the claim, and the late President of the United States, who of all men in the National Government, had the best means of understanding it, and certainly had no reason to be unduly biased in its favour, acknowledged its justice, and by repeated messages to Congress, strongly recommended its payment. I hope, then, that it will not be thought indecorous in me to request gentlemen to come to the consideration of this subject unbiased, and to discard whatever of prejudice the excitement of past times may have produced. For prejudice silently and secretly winds its subtle and tenuous web around the mind, until the rays of truth are utterly excluded.

The gentleman from Tennessee has introduced many things wholly foreign from the subject before us. He has even conjured up the ghost of the Hartford Convention, to frighten us on this occasion. Sir, it has no terror for me.

I feared it not when in full life and vigour. I resisted it then, and have never spoken of it but as deserving decided condemnation. But, what has the Hartford Convention, or our opinions of it, to do with this bill? The services for which it provides were performed in the summer and autumn of 1814, and that Convention had no existence until the winter following. The debt had accrued; the obligation upon the United States to pay it had attached, before that assemblage had begun. How, then, are they connected? Is it to be presented as a release and discharge in full of pre-existing debts and obligations?

The gentleman told us that he knew nothing of party during the war. I believe him, sir, and it explains the cause of some of the errors into which he has fallen. If he had known the true character of parties, he never could have taken the unqualified representations of heated partisans for exact and sober truth, upon which to rest an argument addressed to this House. I may say with the gentleman from Massachusetts, (Mr. Everett,) that I have, in early life, seen something of parties. I have seen those whose native feelings of pure and ardent benevolence would have bound them together by strongest ties of affection, who would for each other have poured out their blood like water, when the fiend of party had taken possession of their bosoms, meet only with the looks and feelings of demons! I have seen the flame of party which had been lighted up by the firebrands of the series! Can we take a picture drawn by a political enthusiast, as a true delineation of the character and principles of all his adversaries? Who is there amongst us, that abhors under real or supposed injuries, in the exasperation of party contentions, may not have depicted his opponents in darker colours than sober reflection could afterwards approve? I need not follow the gentleman through the mad projects of individual maniacs, advanced one day, and withdrawn the next, like that of Mr. Lovell, to which he alluded. I will not follow through the hair-brained positions and memorials of political fanatics. I will not dive into the mass of newspaper scoundrelism that day to bring up here the bitter fruits of party virulence.

All the errors of Massachusetts have been portrayed in sombre colours, while her merits have been passed by in silence. Even her early sufferings, without which some of those who are now ready to reproach her, would never have breathed the air or lisped the accents of freedom, seems to be almost forgotten. It is not for me to delineate her character; it belongs to other hands. But since all who were citizens of Massachusetts, during the late war, have been visited by indiscriminate denunciations, I trust I may be indulged in saying a few words for that part which now constitutes my own State.

Maine, sir, under all her sufferings, has been at all times the firm and undividing supporter of the cause of our country. Although a great portion of her citizens were dependent upon commerce for their very subsistence, yet during embargo, restrictions, and war, she beheld her commerce annihilated, her wharves and her shores desolate; her ships, her products, and her slave-houses, rotting together; her

merchants ruined; her mechanics and sailors reduced from competence to beggary; and misery and want spread through her land; and all without a murmur! She never faltered for a moment; but remained the fearless and unwavering friend of the national government.

During the war—bordering for more than three hundred miles upon the territories of the enemy, and with nearly the same extent of maritime frontier, infested with innumerable bays and inlets, studded with towns and villages, with millions of shipping in her harbours, when the enemy, after pacification in Europe, was enabled to bring his immense forces upon her shores, and was waging a barbarous warfare, ravaging and making incursions into her ports, when dismay went before him, and desolation followed in his train, she was compelled to meet and stay the enemy alone and unassisted. You sent not a soldier to her relief; nay, her own hardy sons, who had volunteered into your service, were not permitted to remain to defend their own houses and their own families, but marched away to the frontiers of New York, to fight the battles of Chippewa and Niagara. Who composed the Ninth Regiment, which has just been mentioned by the gentleman from Massachusetts, (Mr. Dwight,) and which there fought successfully against twice their numbers of British veterans, whilst one half their own number had fallen on the field? That regiment was unequalled except by the Twenty-first. Yes, the Twenty-first, in which fought those whom Ripley first led from the stubborn soil of Maine; which, when the fate of the battle of Niagara stood suspended, or rather, when it was almost decided against you, turned the tide of war, by a movement so desperate, that the commanding general had not even thought of proposing it to any. But Ripley knew his men, and by his order, under the gallant Miller, they ascended an eminence commanded by all the enemy's artillery, and, in the full blaze of their cannon, continued to advance until they cut down the artillerists at their pieces, and drove the infantry from the position. The British commander, stung to madness by this unexpected defeat, brought in three successive charges, fresh and redoubled forces to retake the ground. The conflict was man to man, and bayonet to bayonet, the combatants were commingled; the enemy was beaten. It was a contest which, for obstinate and desperate valour, was unequalled, upon land, during the whole war; and the Twenty-first Regiment stands unrivalled. And what return has Maine received? Neglect then, and contumely now. At the close of the war, almost all the officers and soldiers from Maine and Massachusetts were coldly turned out of your service. Those who had been "first in the fight" found no room "at the feast." While clouds lowered around us, and the tempest raged, you called upon them to protect you from its fury; but when peace had returned, and all was fair and calm and safe, their stern and warlike virtues could be dispensed with. Others found more favour in your eyes; perhaps of more supple form and gayer plumage. I could proceed further in this course of remark, but I am unwilling to do so. It is granting to my feelings to be compelled to speak of my own State; and I should not have done so, had not indiscriminate censure been poured forth upon a people whose fidelity and patriotism have been all too conspicuous, in spite of privation, and danger, and neglect, and injury. Maine has done her duty to the utmost; but she has not, like some others, trumpeted her merits. She seeks no rewards. She asks no favours. She demands only equal and impartial justice. And I am confident that justice will not be withheld. Its exercise is enjoined upon you by every consideration of moral right and political expediency. Whilst despots are labouring and combining to prop up their iron thrones, it is our high duty to strengthen and perpetuate our own institutions, as the best service we can render to ourselves and to mankind. To this, and we must, on all occasions, seek to cement our union, to bind together all the parts in the bonds of mutual interest, mutual confidence, and mutual affection. One deliberate act of palpable injustice to a State, may chill the warm current of patriotism, and engender distrust and resentment. To adopt the principles which have been advanced in this debate, to punish, stigmatize, and degrade a State, for errors of opinion, must be felt not only as an injury, but as an insult. The wounded spirit will rankle from generation to generation. If you compel the fathers to eat sour grapes, the children's teeth will be set on edge. Reject this novel, this alarming doctrine. Plant not a root of bitterness which may spring up, and rise, and expand, until it covers and darkens all this fair land.

Let me not be misunderstood. In nothing that I have said do I mean any thing like a threat. I despise gasconading every where, and especially on this floor. I know the strong attachment which Maine and Massachusetts cherish towards the National Government, and that they will bear and forbear as long as endurance can be a virtue. I mean only to prevent the disastrous consequences which must flow from the dangerous principles which have been advanced, whenever they shall be adopted, and wherever practically applied.

**BANKRUPT ACT.** A cheering ray is discernible through the dark cloud that has so long hung over and almost put an end to the hopes of the thousands who have called loudly, again and again, for relief from Congress by the establishment of a Bankrupt Act. A bill for the purpose is now the principal subject before Congress, and as far as a vote of nearly three to one against an indefinite postponement of its consideration is indicative of an earnestness on the part of the members of the Senate that it should pass this session, it is made manifest by their vote on the 28th ult. An act of the kind may yet be passed the present session.

*Bos. Cent.*

**INSURANCE.** So great have been the losses incurred by Insurance Companies during the last year, that orders have been issued by a number of them to their agents to discontinue issuing policies. The truth is, that the rates of insurance, which have been represented as giving great profits to the companies, have been much below the actual risk. The rates must be raised.

—Already have the Boston and New-York companies raised upon theirs fifty per cent. Mutual Insurance Companies might be beneficial, if their premium securities were equal to the risk; but, on calculation, it will be found that the premium secured for six years is not adequate to the probable loss. A single fire in a village may, the first year, burn up the entire amount of premiums secured by note or otherwise in one company; and where is the insurance for the remaining five years? In this case, the insurer would be obliged to pay his whole amount of premium with no insurance for sixths of the term.

Perhaps not one man in twenty feels himself willing or able to insure even when the premium is less than the actual risk; and when a person is bereft out who has no insurance, application to call,

tion is made for charitable donations, not less to those who have insured and paid their tax, than to those who have not insured. This is unreasonable—it is not equal; for if the man insured should ask charity, he would obtain nothing—even if his loss be much greater than the amount insured, he could scarcely expect sympathy from his fellow citizens. No man who can afford it, and who may lose the greater part of his property or so much as may embarrass him at any one fire, should delay making insurance for a single day. If he thinks the profits made by the incorporated stock companies to be greater than the actual risk, he should insure at the Mutual companies, where he will incur no more than his actual proportion of the loss and expense, except indeed it shall not be considered equal that isolated buildings should share in the risk of compact villages.

N. H. Patriot.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

MR. PRINTER.—If you will give the following letter a place in your paper, you will oblige

A Friend and Subscriber.

DEAR SIR: In compliance with your request, I have taken some pains of late to inquire into the subject of *Peace Societies*, concerning which much curiosity in this section appears to be excited. I am convinced that such Societies, if formed upon correct principles, will have a tendency to produce the most desirable consequences—so far as they are calculated to direct the current of popular opinion against that *tyrant spirit*, that fiend-like thirst for war-like renown which caused an Alexander to sigh for more worlds to conquer; which raised Bonaparte to his blood-stained throne over the ruins of half mankind—specimens of which are now too prevalent in the world—so far as it is the object of them to annihilate this unchristian like spirit, every friend to humanity must desire its advancement. Every man who wishes for the improvement of his condition, must rejoice at the progress of any institution that may hasten the approach of the happy era when the Nations of the earth shall be united in one universal society of uninterrupted "peace and good will." But this is an event, which, it is feared, that some of the leaders of this *Peace System* have not in view, or, if they have, are not taking proper measures to produce. The doctrine, that, if one Nation would never more take up arms; throw aside all preparations even for defensive war; other nations would follow the example; that, if we would discover no disposition to resist, none would invade us, is dangerous—a doctrine that exposes our land of freedom to the devouring grasp of ambitious Kings. Did not Washington observe, that if we would preserve peace, we must prepare for war? And will a wiser man than Washington, a better friend to his country and the happiness of all mankind, rise up, and endeavor to prove the contrary? Let him first prove that if we would not fasten our doors, never a thief would be disposed to enter our house; that the traveller, while unprepared for defence, is in less danger of being robbed; or that the less means we possess of protecting our rights, the more secure they will remain. Were it not for the fear of resistance, where is the crowned head that would not study out some right to possess him of so great and fair a portion of the earth as this heaven-favoured country presents to his view?

I am a friend to Peace—I lament the horrors of war—I shudder at the idea of ever having occasion to shed human blood—but when my life, or liberty which is equally dear to me, are attacked, I will fight to defend them, and entreat Heaven for success. God, grant that such an occasion may never occur; that the spirit of offensive war may no more prevail; that the glorious period may arrive, dim as it is now in prospect, when no one shall be disposed to molest his neighbour; when pride, and envy, and avarice shall cease to reign in the hearts of men, and when all Nations shall enlist under the peaceful banner of the KING OF KINGS.—Then, and not till then, we may safely throw down our weapons of defence—our lives and liberties will be secure without them.

Yours, &c.

**MARRIED.**  
In this town, by Rev. James Hooper, Mr. Benjamin F. Crawford to Miss Sophia Harris.

**DECEASED.**

In Norway, Mr. Ennixxen Conn, aged 67 years. He was an unwavering believer in the *Abrahamic Faith*; and, during a distressing sickness, perfectly resigned to the Divine will. Even enemies to the doctrine which he professed to believe, were constrained to acknowledge that this *Universalist* was a good and happy man.

**BOS. CENT.**  
**INSURANCE.** So great have been the losses incurred by Insurance Companies during the last year, that orders have been issued by a number of them to their agents to discontinue issuing policies. The truth is, that the rates of insurance, which have been represented as giving great profits to the companies, have been much below the actual risk. The rates must be raised.

—Already have the Boston and New-York companies raised upon theirs fifty per cent. Mutual Insurance Companies might be beneficial, if their premium securities were equal to the risk; but, on calculation, it will be found that the premium secured for six years is not adequate to the probable loss. A single fire in a village may, the first year, burn up the entire amount of premiums secured by note or otherwise in one company; and where is the insurance for the remaining five years? In this case, the insurer would be obliged to pay his whole amount of premium with no insurance for sixths of the term.

Perhaps not one man in twenty feels himself willing or able to insure even when the premium is less than the actual risk; and when a person is bereft out who has no insurance, application to call,

## NOTICE.

THE subscriber hereby gives notice that he has contracted with the town of Livermore, to provide for and take care of the Poor of said town, as well those who are supported in the town as those who are or may become chargeable elsewhere, for the year ensuing.—He therefore forbids all persons furnishing any Pauper of said town on his account, as he has made ample provision for their support at his House in Livermore, where all persons may apply.

ROBERT HAYES.

Livermore, April 3, 1826.

\*7

## COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

THE subscribers having been appointed by the Hon. BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge of Probate, of Wills, &c., within and for the County of Oxford, Commissioner to receive and examine the Claims of the several Creditors to the estate of JACOB ELLEN WOOD, late of Bethel, in said County, Cordwainer, deceased, represented insolvent—hereby give public notice, that six months are allowed from the second day of May instant, to said Creditors to bring in and prove their claims—and that they will attend them for that purpose at the late Dwelling-house of the deceased, in Bethel, on the afternoons of the first Tuesday in June next, the first Tuesday in August next, the first Tuesday in October next, at one of the clock in the afternoon of each of those days.

BARBER BARTLETT, JAMES WALKER, *Commiss.*  
Bethel, May 7, 1826.

\*8

## COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....Peru.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Non-resident Proprietors and Owners of the following lots of Land, in the town of Peru, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that they are taxed in a Bill committed to me to collect, for the year 1825, which are as follows:

Owner's Name.	No. of Lots.	Rate of Lots.	No. of Acres.	Rate.
Sylvanus Poland, <i>two Gores,</i>	60	203	2 03	\$ 406
Thompson grant, 13	6	100	25	20
R. "	7	8	100	1 13
W. Thomas, "	9	8	100	1 42
H. Farewell, "	10	8	100	1 13
H. Farewell, "	5	9	100	1 13
W. Thomas, "	8	9	100	1 42
H. Farewell, "	9	9	100	1 13
" "	10	12	100	1 13
" "	4	14	100	1 13
Henry Molton, "	16	7	100	1 13
H. Farewell, "	8	10	100	1 13
F. Walton, <i>Peck's grant,</i> 24			135	1 53
Stockwell, "	23		100	1 60
H. Farewell, <i>Lump's grant,</i> 2	3	100	200	2 26

And unless said Taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before FRIDAY the Eleventh day of August next, so much of said Land will be sold at Public Vendue, as will discharge the same, at the Dwelling-house of S. PHEN GAMMON, in said Peru, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

ROBINSON TURNER, Jr.

\*9

## PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second day of May, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six—

**PHEBE CUMMINGS**, Administratrix on the estate of OLIVER CUMMINGS, late of Sumner, deceased, having presented her first account of administration of the estate of said deceased;

ORDERED—that the said Administratrix give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office, in Paris, in said County, on the second Tuesday of June next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

## POETRY.

FROM THE NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

[There is perhaps more "good sound common sense," as Mr. Degrand would say, than poetry, in the following original poem; but as the venerable monitor, who sends it, has also sent his name, leaving us to infer that he takes all responsibility of libels on his own shoulders, we cannot well refuse it an insertion.]

### THE LOOKING-GLASS,

Or a description of some female characters to be avoided by youth of both sexes.

Avoid the girl who takes delight  
To make an outside show;  
With ruffe round her neck so white,  
And dirty clothes below.  
O! shun the girl with ear-rings fair,  
That most important feels;  
Who does her shoes at down-heel wear,  
With holes in stocking heels.  
Despise the girl who wears gold beads,  
With skin as white as snow;  
While round her neck the sorrel seeds  
Among the dirt may grow.

Forsake those girls who neat do dress,  
And study fashion's art;  
To read and write, among the rest,  
Do never act a part.

Abhor the girl who in young years  
Does study to be gay;  
When such in company do appear  
They know not what to say.

Detest the girl who likes to race  
To fetch and carry nests;  
And talles round from place to place,  
Her bellers to abuse.

Turn from the girl who is inclin'd  
To curl her locks before;  
While in her gay locks creep behind  
A half a dozen score.

Reject the girl who spins nor knits—  
A lazy, idle daughter;  
With gown and petticoat in elts,  
Without shoe-strings or garter.

Abandon her who much delights,  
And calls it pleasing joys;  
To race and ramble round a-nights,  
To meet a gang of boys:

Then the next morning lies in bed  
To take her morning dose;  
And does the broom and wash-tub dread,  
With grease spots on her clothes.

Renounce the girl with brawling tongue,  
Immodest, vain and bold;  
Such are abhor'd by old and young,  
And make a hated scold.

Esteem not her whose scornful eyes  
Appear to shew deceit;  
Who good instruction does despise,  
Nor watch at wisdom's gate.

Retire from her who does refuse  
Her parents to obey;  
And does the ways of folly choose  
To waste her time away.

Admire not her who does appear  
At church to gaze about;  
While what does enter at one ear  
The other soon lets out.

'Tis such as those, with mournful sighs,  
May say, perhaps too late,

"How did our hearts reproach despise,  
Our souls instruction hate."

Dotless some females these may read—  
'Tis hap'd there many be

Can say, "No character indeed,  
Here wrote, compares to me."

Barre — S —

### THE OLIO.

#### LOVE LETTER.

My charrmen luce  
I talks this hoppertunito to let you no that i am  
desperly in luv with yu and As father sez i Am old  
eouf for to be marid and As mother sez that help is  
dever why i can't help Thinkin that if you an i could  
set our hossis to gether we mite doo as wel as most  
fokes who cant do no better An as you No I'me a  
Plane spokken parson an not yused For to write—  
Billydoes—or any eich like things An can sa no put-  
ty thins Abot Darts an Harts an Kewpid an other  
Marters of that Nater i shall truss intirely For wour  
gennuerosity an subsrike Myself Loveli luce as wour  
tru lover an sincare frind til deth. Rugin blujoint.  
mis luce lovluk.

A certain Surgeon Dentist was called upon by a  
person of great maxillary dimensions, for his assis-  
tance to dislodge a tooth, which had begun to fai-  
se a mutiny among its nerves. The patient being seat-  
ed on the floor, so as to accommodate his length to  
that of the doctor, began to open his mouth, nearly  
in manner and form of an old fashioned fall-back  
chaise; and the astonished operator, who stood be-  
fore him, fearing there might be a second edition of  
Jonah, exclaimed with terror in his countenance,  
"you need not extend your jaws any further, for i  
intend to stand on the outside while i extract the  
tooth."

A certain farmer and his dame, possessed of more  
wealth than wit, placed their two daughters in a  
seminary established for finishing the education of  
young ladies. After considerable time had elapsed,  
the farmer's spouse waited on the mistress of the  
school to hear her report, which proved to be toler-  
ably satisfactory, excepting as regarded their progress  
in the musical department, in which the pains of the  
instructor bestowed on one of the pupils proved en-  
tirely fruitless. The governess honestly dissuaded the  
youth dame from a perseverance in that branch of ed-  
ucation, and candidly told her, that the young lady  
had no capacity for it. This friendly advice, how-  
ever, failed in its intended effect; for the sagacious ad-  
vocate for a good *heddication*, bridling herself up, and  
placing her arms a-kimbo, replied with great reluc-  
tance, "Madam, don't tell me about capacity when i  
don't spare expense; and i desirous you will git her  
one immediately!"

In a bill, sent for the Royal approbation from the  
Irish Parliament, in 1784, intending to limit the priv-  
ilege of franking, a clause stated, "That should any  
member be unable to write, he might authorize any  
other person to frank for him; provided, that on the  
back of the letter so franked, the member gives a  
certificate under his own hand, of his inability to write."

When the present Lord Eldon brought in his bill for  
restraining the liberty of the press, a member moved  
as an additional clause, that all anonymous works  
should have the name of the author printed on the  
title-page.

## FOR SALE,

A FARM, situated in the lower part of Bethel,  
containing 100 Acres of Land—of which about  
35 is under improvement, with a Small House and  
Shed adjoining—good BARN and two WELLS of wa-  
ter, one at the House and the other at the Barn; and  
about 50 young APPLE TREES beginning to bear.—  
The above property will be sold cheap.—For further  
particulars inquire of the subscriber on the premises.

APRIL 27.  
URBAN SHOREY.

### COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

THE subscribers having been appointed by the  
Hon. BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Esq. Judge of Probate, &c. for the County of Oxford, to receive and  
examine the Claims of the Creditors to the estate of  
STACY D. KNOX, late of Livermore, in said County,  
deceased, represented insolvent—do hereby give notice,  
that six months from the 29th day of March A. D. 1820,  
are allowed to said Creditors to bring in and prove  
their claims—and that they will attend  
that service at the Dwelling-house of JESSE STONE  
in said Livermore, on the first Mondays of June, Au-  
gust and September, from one to six o'clock P. M. on  
each of said days. JESSE STONE, } Commr.  
WM. WYMAN, } Commr.  
Livermore, April 24, 1826. 96

### COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....Hebron.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Non-resident Own-  
ers of the following Lots of LAND, situated in  
Hebron, in the County of Oxford, that they are tax-  
ed in the bills committed to me the subscriber, to  
collect, for the years 1824 and 1825—and also for  
School-House Tax in District No. 17, for 1825, as fol-  
lows, to wit—

Proprietors.	No. of Lots.	Range.	Year.	Value.	Year.	Value.
Jacob Pike,	1	50	150	1 23	1824	69
Charles Pike,	2	17	51	42	1824	45
Sam. Meguer & Co.		100	225	1 85	1824	85
Jona. & Wm. Wardwell,		250	500	1 11	1824	11
Joseph Johnson & Co.		50	100	82	1824	82
Ephraim Briggs,	1	14	42	30	1825	30
Jacob Parsons,	2	21	63	45	1825	45
Charles Pike,	2	17	51	37	1825	37
John Pike,	106	318	29	29	1825	29
Joseph Bartlett,	50	112	81	81	1825	81
Jona. & Peter Wardwell,	51	127	91	91	1825	91
Joseph Johnson & Co.	50	100	72	72	1825	72
Isaac Washburn,	9	160	1 15	1 15	1825	1 15
School-House Tax 1825, District No. Seventeen.						
Joel Robinson,			32 60			
S. Ames,			1 50			
John Pike,			5 94			
Ishabod Bartlett,			1 50			
Ephraim Briggs,			95			
Unless said Taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before MONDAY the twenty-first day of August next, at ten of the clock A. M. so much of said land will then be sold at Public Vendue, as will discharge the same, at the House of CYRUS SHAW, Esq. Inholder in Hebron.						
JOB MORTON, Collector.						
Hebron, May 2, 1826. 96						

### COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....No. Four, now Carthage.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Proprietors of the  
Lands hereinafter mentioned, in the town of  
Carthage, (formerly called Number Four,) County of  
Oxford, and State of Maine, that the same are taxed  
in the bills committed to me the subscriber, for collec-  
tion, for the State, County, Plantation, and School-  
house Taxes, for 1824 and 1825, in the respective  
sums following, viz:

Proprietors.	No. of Lots.	Range.	No. of Acres.	Value.	Year.	Value.
A. Austin,	2	9	160	80	40	57
Unknown,	2	12	160	80	40	57
A. Austin,	3	9	160	80	40	57
Maxwell,	3	17	50	75	37	54
A. Knights,	7	14	218	109	54	78
Stanwood,	8	11	160	120	60	85
	4	11	160	160	80	1 14
ABE. HATHAWAY, Collector.						
Carthage, April 28, 1826. 96						

### COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....Weld.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Proprietors of the  
Lands hereinafter mentioned in the town of  
Weld, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the  
same are taxed in the bills committed to me the subscriber,  
for collection, for the State, County, and Town Taxes,  
for 1825, in the respective sums following, to wit:

Proprietors.	No. of Lots.	Range.	No. of Acres.	Value.	Year.	Value.
Eastman,	9	6	160	150	25	69
Nath'l Hager,	2	13	80	51	77	45
Leoward,	E. part,	2	14	70	55	82
		2	15	67	30	45
EPHRAIM HAUGHTON, Collector.						
Weld, April 29, 1826. 96						

### JUST PUBLISHED, AND FOR SALE,

AT TREATISE on the Union, Affinity, and  
Consanguinity between Christ and his  
Church.

"And he is the head of the body, the Church, who  
is the beginning, the first born from the dead. \*\*\*  
And (having made peace through the blood of his  
cross) by him to reconcile all things to himself. \*\*\*  
For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to  
God by the death of his Son much more being re-  
conciled, we shall be saved by his life."

It is hoped that all who are friendly to the doctrine  
of the final salvation of the whole human family, will  
purchase for themselves a copy of this valuable work.  
Price—only 37 1-2 cents. Paris, April 6.

## PROBATE NOTICES.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all  
concerned, that he has been duly appointed and  
taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the  
estate of APNER RAWSON,

late of Paris, in the County of Oxford, Esquire,  
deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—he there-  
fore requests all persons who are indebted to the said  
deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and  
those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the  
same to LYMAN RAWSON.

Paris, March 28, 1826. 96

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all  
concerned, that he has been duly appointed and  
taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the  
estate of SIMEON POND,

late of Paris, in the County of Oxford, Yeoman, de-  
ceased, by giving bond as the law directs—he therefore  
requests all persons who are indebted to the said  
deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and  
those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the  
same to DANIEL POND.

Paris, May 2, 1826. 96

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all  
concerned, that he has been duly appointed and  
taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last  
Will and Testament of

VERRES GREENWOOD,

late of Hebron, in the County of Oxford, Yeoman, de-  
ceased, by giving bond as the law directs—he therefore  
requests all persons who are indebted to the said  
deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and  
those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the  
same to FEARING WILLIS.

Hebron, May 2, 1826. 96

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all  
concerned, that he has been duly appointed and  
taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the  
estate of LEVI BEARCE, Jun.